

THE FIELD AFAR

# Maryknoll

AUGUST 1954

THIS ISSUE:  
FULL LIFE  
IN KYOTO





**MIGHTY TASTY!** — This African baker's sign painter leaves something to be desired but his biscuits look delicious. To many Africans grain mash beats fluffy bread but millions have adopted the white man's food.





# Lucy Throws Away Her Rope

**the new rope  
she had bought  
to hang herself.**

**BY P. J. DUCHESNE**

■ WHILE we were talking, there was a faint scraping at the door. A Sister came in, leading Lucy by the hand. Lucy is seventy-one years old. Thirty years ago her husband left her, taking with him their only son and their three daughters.

She spent her savings looking for her children. The father was an actor; the girls became actresses.

The only other fact her search turned up was that her son had died in Singapore.

Lucy lives in a hut in the Aberdeen section, here in Hong Kong. She earned her living, cutting grass on the hillside and selling it for fuel. But five years ago her sight began to fail; three years later she became totally blind. The Sisters say that



cataracts had formed over her eyes. Lucy has another version: "I became blind from crying so much."

The Canossian Sisters first met Lucy when they were making a house-to-house visitation of Aberdeen. Lucy showed them a rope she had just bought.

"Tonight," she said, "I will hang myself."

The Sisters talked her out of that, and took the rope home with them. Not long after Lucy threw her rope away, she began to take instructions. Today she is never without her new rope of salvation in her hands — her large rosary.

To make conversation while we took her picture, Sister asked Lucy if she would like to have an operation performed on her eyes so she could see again.

A huge smile wreathed her staring eyes. "Will it hurt?" she asked.

Lucy had exchanged a hanging rope for an outsized rosary, and by becoming blind had found the light. She prays the rosary the whole day long.

Lucy says: "Everyone in Aberdeen is so good to me. They help me cross the street. The girls of the Legion of Mary take me to church. The Sisters give me food every day. All the clothes I have on, my blanket, everything, were given me by the kind Sisters who saved my life.

The Sisters are my children now."

Off the main street in Aberdeen, near Hong Kong's large fish markets, the Canossian Sisters have been helping the poor for fifty years. Two Sisters, who live near the fish markets, conduct a dispensary six days a week. Over a thousand come to this clinic each week, for medical attention they could never afford to

pay for out of their small earnings.

In addition, the Sisters seek out the poor in their hovels or aboard the fishing boats. These Sisters have been responsible for a steady stream of baptisms among the poor and the rich of Aberdeen.

Today there are seven other Canossian Daughters of Charity in Aberdeen, who conduct a school crowded with 238 children. They operate a free school for the poor with one hundred pupils. Forty per cent of the pupils are children from the fishing fleet.

Daily the Sisters make their rounds among the poor. They distribute blankets, clothing, milk powder. Aboard every junk, a welcome awaits these angels of mercy. They cross from boat to boat on a plank. Family histories, joys and heartaches are known to these Sisters. All their work is on a person-to-person basis. They can call hundreds by their first names.

## OUR ADDRESS?

**It's Easy!**

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.**



# A Ride in the Mountains

■ THE OTHER day Father Breen and I decided to ride up to Papal to see how the construction on our chapel is progressing. We put a can of sausages and a handful of tortillas in our saddlebags and rode out of town. The horses were champing at the bits, eager to be off, but we held them in as the ride ahead was a long and arduous one. Papal is a large village, five hours straight up the mountain, the highest out-station of the Ixtahuacan mission in Guatemala.

Up to now we haven't had too much luck up there with the Indians, so far removed from the center of things. So we decided to build a

**Mama Andres' beaming smile  
made two missioners at home  
in a drab cloudscraper village.**

**BY HUGO GERBERMANN, M.M.**

chapel and get a fiesta going. That always brings the Indians around and gives one a chance to talk to them.

Halfway up the mountain we met a grandpa Indian coming down. He eyed us suspiciously and proceeded to pass us in a hurry. I suppose we

looked to him like two foreign *bandoleros* up to no good. Anyway we made the old fellow stop and asked him if he had ever come down to the church in Ixtahuacan. He didn't see any need for that.

I offered him a cigarette and asked about his corn crop and his family. He began to soften up a bit. Father Breen opened his knapsack and took out a picture of Christ the King. There followed a little talk on who Christ is and what we ought to do for Him. The Indian said he would think about it. I know that the old gentleman was impressed. He'll come around to the rectory on his next trip to town, if for no other reason than to get another smoke.

Then we continued to climb the path which twisted like a snake up the mountain and slanted down into seemingly bottomless gorges. For every mile we went forward, we traveled another two miles upwards, downwards and sideways. At midday we looked for a convenient stopping place. We hoped that some good-hearted Indian would come and start a fire for us, but none did.

Before long, Father Breen said that he wished he had thought of bringing his little Coleman stove. It had rained the night before, and the twigs we had gathered weren't dry. A half a box of matches later, there were no results. An Indian could have picked a piece of wood, wrung it dry and had a fire blazing in no time. We blew on the twigs that seemed to be catching fire, until we were both panting. We sat down to catch our breath, and decided it was cold sausages and tortillas or no lunch.

As we topped the last rise, a cold wind beat us in the face. A heavy, rolling cloud covered the mountain peak. Below we could see herds of sheep, grazing contentedly on luscious green meadows. Ragged children were romping on green flats, but they scampered away to hide in the brush or behind their mothers' skirts. The mothers in turn regarded us with coldly suspicious eyes.

The more daring children came up close, to get a better look at the two strange travelers. All had inflamed, running eyes. Their bloated stomachs indicated that they were much in need of nourishing food. Surely, here was work to be done; the corporal works of mercy will be the first thing on our program. We must return soon with medical equipment — time enough after we've treated their ailments to teach them about God.

We followed the twisting path for another mile or so. All along the way, we met Indian women carrying on their heads massive *tinajas* (clay jars that hold about five gallons). They were carrying water from a common hole, large enough to collect sufficient water during the rainy season to last through the dry months. Toward the end of the dry season, the water becomes stagnant, slimy and muddy. But the Indians still must use it for drinking and washing — some do wash occasionally.

Around the bend we came upon our chapel, sitting cozily on a small elevated shoulder of land. We were happy to discover that the chapel was nearly finished; only the floor,

the doors and the altar have yet to be put in. No one was working on the chapel because this was harvest time. All the men were out in the field, gathering the corn that will provide them with tortillas until the next harvest. The scarcity of tillable land in this part of the country drives the Indians to the highest mountain peaks, in search of a piece of land from which they can eke out a meager crop of corn.

Chico, our catechist in Cabal, was not at home. We went to the Andres' house; he's Chico's brother-in-law. Three little girls, scantily clad with dirty torn rags, peeked with inflamed eyes from behind their mother's equally dirty skirts. She received us with a beaming smile and ran to fetch two stools for us to sit on. Andres came running up the slope to welcome us. We sat and chatted and gave out cigarettes. Andres, his wife and the oldest girl (about ten) lit up and smoked contentedly. We made Andres promise to bring the children to our clinic in Ixtahuacan, so we could do

something for their eye ailments. Not far from where we sat, were two young women, watching over a flock of sheep. They seemed interested in the two strangers, but they were too timid to come nearer.

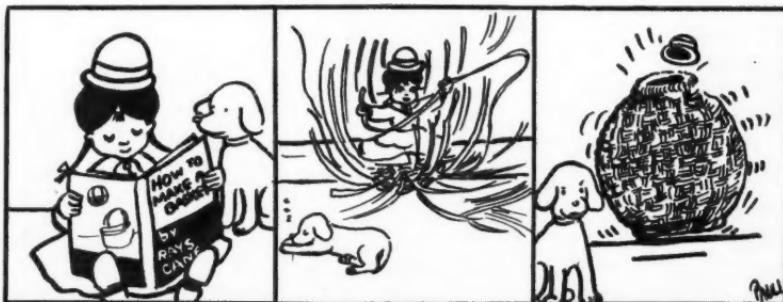
The few Catholics in Papal told us that they would like us to dedicate the chapel to the Virgen de Candelaria. They had exhausted all their resources in putting up the chapel. Could the kind Padres get them a statue of their Mamacita? We promised we'd try — but we looked at each other, wondering where it was to come from. We also agreed to supply the chapel with candlesticks, crucifix and a confessional. We felt sure that the Indians' Virgin would not let them down.

The villagers promised to have the chapel finished for the feast of the Patroness of the chapel, so that we could bless it on that day. They're to have a big fiesta when the church is blessed.

At four o'clock we mounted and waved adios. We would get back to Ixtahuacan late that night.

## INDY ANN MAKES A BASKET

BY PAULI







Left: Nothing like an alfresco supper on a hot summer night. Above: This lad has felt deep in his bones the stabbing pains of prolonged hunger.

## SOME OF THE NEIGHBORS

■ THERE IS a silver lining to the cloud of troubles hanging over Chinese refugees in Hong Kong. The wonderful grit of these people in the face of oppressive hardships has won the respect of Maryknollers working among them. "Our refugees aren't interested in handouts," say Maryknollers. "We take our cue from them, and help them start home industries. If the refugees have jobs, they can hold their heads up. They can earn enough to keep family rice bowls filled."

A HONG KONG PICTURE IMPRESSION BY FRANCIS LYNCH, M.M.



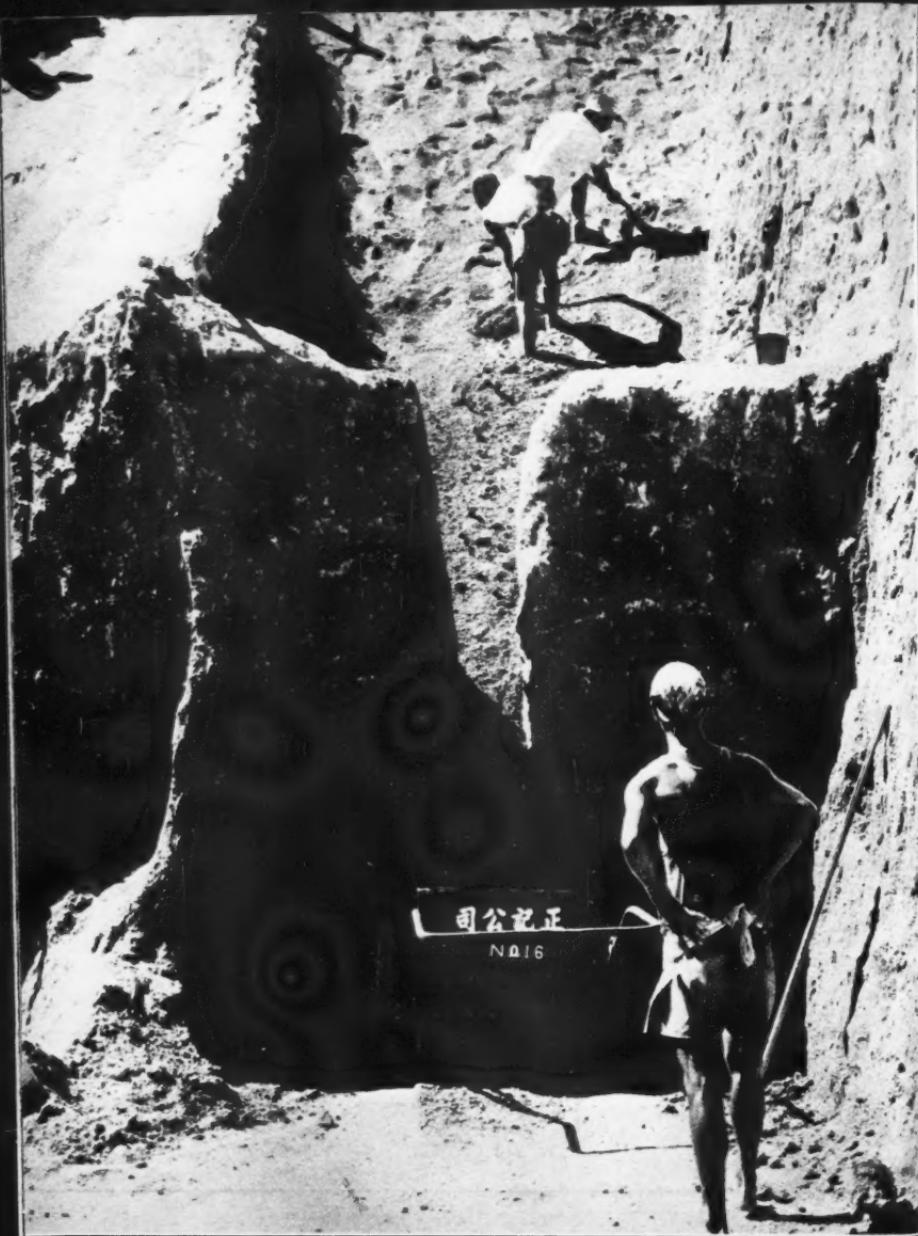
Ageless as a proverb is the close attention fishermen give their nets. Profit margins are tight; can't afford to let any get away.



All are breadwinners in this family.

■ HALF a million people in Hong Kong make a living, often a precarious one, by fishing. Men who fish inshore from small boats merely exist — much like the farmer with only a tiny plot of land. Men who have large boats can get out farther where their nets snare the big ones that bring handsome prices in the fish markets. Few refugees can take up fishing because they have not the necessary know how or the capital to invest.





This iron mine employs two thousand. The work is heavy and the pay light. Most refugees are too weak from hunger to qualify.

# THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

**There is no place** like Rome to make one conscious of faraway places. It is proper and fitting that an organization like the F.A.O. should operate from Rome, the great center of civilization, where the world's greatest single civilizing force has its center.

As I sit in my room not fifteen minutes from St. Peter's, my thoughts go out to those distant places where mission visitations have carried me. It is because I have seen, that I can feel so deeply the significance of our Holy Father's words in his plea for "a new order based on moral principles, in which there would be no place for that egoism that tends to hoard economic resources and materials destined for the use of all to such an extent that nations less favored by nature are not permitted access to them."

**I am trying** to project myself to Japan and to imagine myself the head of a family, with, say, five or six children. My only source of support is a small rice field. Back-breaking labor, day in and day out, provides bare subsistence, with no security against accident, typhoon, earthquake, drought, or flood. I see my family undernourished, perhaps already victims of tuberculosis.

I try to be a good citizen, law-abiding, just, public-minded, as far as my endowments permit. I read in the papers that the United States has the most land in the world under cultivation — over 450,000,000 acres; and that the Soviet Union comes next, with 423,000,000 acres. The United States has almost three planted acres per person, and the Soviet Union a little over two acres. I read that Italy has

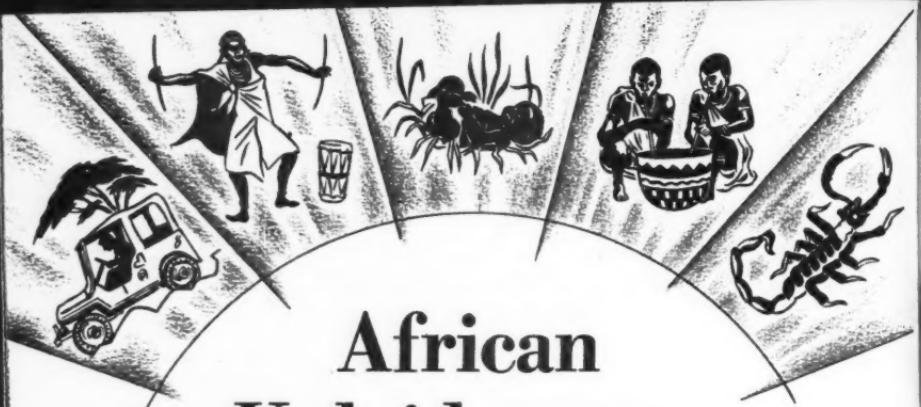
only eight-tenths of an acre per person; Germany, one-half an acre; India, about nine-tenths of an acre. I know that Japan, my country, is at the bottom of the list. I have listened to the arguments of Communists, and sometimes I am tempted in my desperation to throw in my lot with them — my cause is so hopeless.

During Japan's occupation by American troops, I heard much talk about birth control. Such talk still continues, but I can't see why my freedom to produce a family should be taken away, perhaps by law, as a solution for a problem for which I am not responsible. It is very puzzling and very discouraging to me, a Japanese family man.

The other day I saw an article which said that less than eight per cent of the total land of the globe is cultivated, but that twenty per cent of the total land could be cultivated. The article concluded, "Considering our present ability to produce food, and the improvements being made in its production, the world can supply three times its present population."

**Facing such facts** here in Rome, how easy it is to understand the bewilderment of a poor father of a family in Japan. How one longs to help solve this problem for all such fathers over the earth.





# African Kaleidoscope

**A midnight ride becomes part of the folklore of the Basimbiti.**

BY JAMES J. KUHN, M.M.

■ "DO THE AFRICANS like to dance?" asked a friend of mine in a letter from home.

They certainly do! They also like to sing. The song goes with the dance. Our people hold dances on nights when the moon is full.

All the dances I've seen so far have been put on by the women. Usually three or four do the dancing while the others sit around in a circle—clapping their hands rhythmically and joining in the song of those in the center.

To see the dancers' shoulders vibrate, one would think that they had motors inside them. When a dancer does exceptionally well (gets more shake out of her shoulders than the others) the dance stops momentarily while all give her an impromptu cheer. The leader raises clasped hands above her head and

shouts: "*Idong! Idong! Idongi! Irom gi neru!*" (Roughly translated: "You grow up! You grow up! You increase! You're so good that you equal your aunt!")

■ WHAT'S in a name? Here in Masonga, Africa, names have interesting origins. A non-Christian name usually indicates the time of the child's birth or some circumstance connected with its birth.

I'm thinking now of one of our parishioners. Before baptism, she was known as Owiti (Thrown Out). The story behind her name is that her mother had lost a few children before Owiti came along. To fool the devil, to whom the mother attributed the loss of her sons and daughters, she threw her newborn daughter out — put it in the field. Later on, the mother walked by the

spot and supposedly found an abandoned child. She thus hoped to lead the devil to believe that the baby was not her own. The mother believed that such a ruse would save her daughter from death.

■ BEFORE coming to Africa, I saw the Maryknoll movie on Guatemala. As a result of that picture, with its close-up of a scorpion in action, I was able to recognize a *nyamori* (Luo for scorpion) when I met one the other morning in the sacristy.

I was vesting for Mass and saw a spot on the alb, right below my chin. I looked closer — sure enough it was the twin brother of the scorpion in the movie.

The altar boy got excited. So did I. I grabbed a nearby corporal and brushed the scorpion off my chest and stamped the life out of it under my heel. I was in no mood to try the native remedy for scorpion sting — salt put in the eyes.

■ IT was shortly after midnight, after I had crawled under the mosquito net for a night's rest. A voice outside my window cried, "*Hodi Jaduong?*" ("Are you there, Old Man?")

Luos use this title very respectfully. Venerable old tribesmen, teachers, prominent men and priests rate this form of address.

I invited the man inside. He told Father Schiff and myself that a friend of his had been beaten up when he had tried to recover some stolen property. Father Schiff got his jeep started, and drove our caller to his village, and the injured man to the hospital.

As Father Schiff was leaving the hospital, a native of the Basimbiti tribe came up to him. "Are you a Padri?" asked the man.

"Yes," said Father Schiff.

"This man you brought to the hospital — he's a Christian?"

"No," said Father Schiff.

"And you came out at this hour to help him!" exclaimed the astonished Basimbiti. "No other foreigner would do that for one of us. I started to study the doctrine once, but I got discouraged. After hearing what you did I want to start again."

Charity has power to draw people to Christ. He said it would: "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love one for another."

The story of Father Schiff's midnight errand of mercy will travel far and wide and will have a good influence on many Africans.

■ ONE DAY my language teacher and I went for a walk. He led me inside a grass hut and invited me to join those sitting around a pot of beer; it had a head on it that reminded me of malted milk. The host handed me a reed, and I took a sip to be polite. It was then that I found out why one of the men poured a gourd of hot water into the pot every now and then. The brew was strong enough to stand quite a bit of weakening.

The beer loosed tongues, and I picked up a lot of colloquial expressions. Before long, I stood up and thanked my host and asked to be excused. The fresh air on the outside seemed wonderful after the stuffiness inside the hut.



# FULL LIFE IN KYOTO

■ OVER a thousand converts were baptized last year in the Kyoto Diocese where Maryknollers work under the leadership of Bishop Paul Furuya. The photographer has caught His Excellency as he kneels on the *tatami* of a Catholic home and speaks of the rosary to a young member of the household. A secret of Kyoto's vigor is the fact that lay Catholics give generously of their time and talents to help introduce the Faith to their friends and acquaintances.













Zealous lay Catholics help the Mystical Body grow in Japan. Left: Person-to-person approach to neighbors outside the Fold. Legion of Mary meetings include the recitation of the rosary (above) and concrete strategy planning (below).





Japanese editorials have pointed up the contrast between the dignity of Catholic processions and the noise of Red demonstrations.

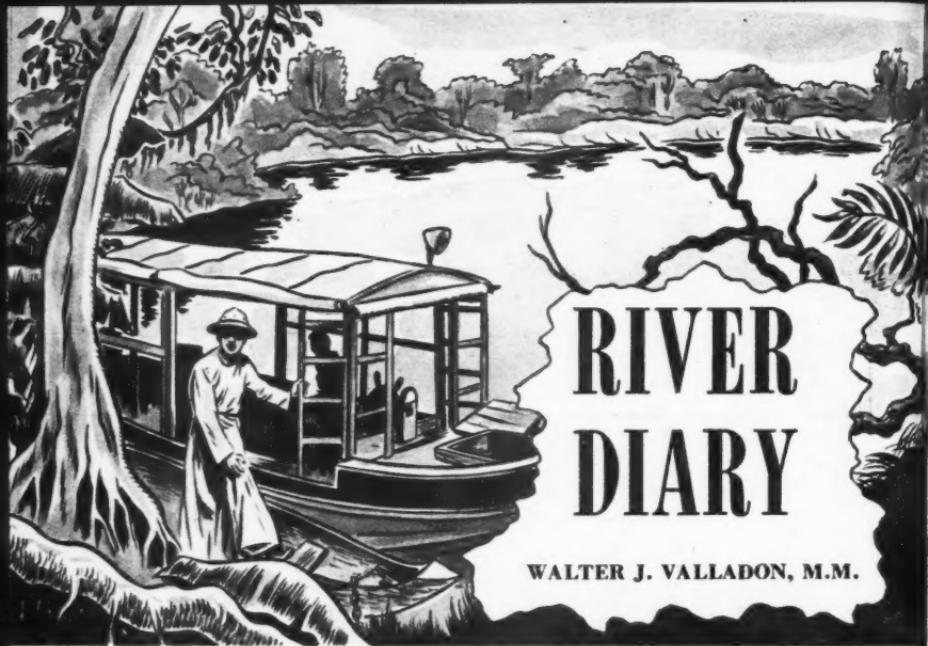






The cathedral in Kyoto gave a beautiful setting when Most Reverend Paul Yoshiyuchi Furuya was consecrated by the Apostolic Delegate to Japan, Archbishop Maximilian de Furstenberg, assisted by two Japanese Bishops as co-consecrators.





# RIVER DIARY

WALTER J. VALLADON, M.M.

**Six weeks on the forgotten trails of the Bolivian jungle.**

■ WHILE I was eating supper that Friday night, a violent wind-and-rain storm came up. I heard a shout outside: one of the children had seen a boat tie up at our river landing here in Sena, Bolivia. Aboard the *Stella Matutina* was Father Christopher Gibbons, who was to accompany me on a mission trip up the Madre de Dios River. Our crew included Roberto Monje as mechanic and Pablo Villamor as pilot.

Bright and early Monday morning we shoved off in the *Stella Matutina*, a craft 25 feet long that is driven by a 25-horsepower, four-cylinder motor. We settled down comfortably in the deck house which is screened in and covered with an aluminum

roof. Only a short way from Sena, we had to stop for a couple of minutes to fix the water pump; happily, this was the only motor trouble we had on the trip.

Our first scheduled stop was San Jose, where the schoolteacher and her pupils gave us a warm welcome. After evening devotions, another storm blew up. The south wind made the next day cold and miserable. After Mass in the morning we did not have much to do because it was a school holiday. We planned to stay a couple of days so there was no need of spoiling the children's holiday with classes.

That afternoon, the people came to arrange to have their children

baptized. It took me two hours just to fill out the forms in the baptismal register. After evening devotions, Father Gibbons did the baptizing. I confirmed the newly baptized and a few others who had not yet had a chance to receive the sacrament.

It was late by the time we finished, so we chatted with the people only a short time before going down to our boat to turn in for the night.

By next morning, the river had dropped quite a bit, leaving the prow of our boat grounded. Fortunately, we were able to get it afloat once more without too much trouble. Father Chris and I spent the morning giving doctrinal talks to the school children. While we were at the school, a pig met an untimely end; part of our lunch was some delicious pork.

After our Masses on the following morning, we baptized and confirmed some of the late arrivals; then packed our things and were ready to leave by nine-thirty.

It was getting dark when we arrived at Arroyo Carmen, where Napoleon Salcazar gave us a royal welcome. He told us that the people who work his rubber plantation had left that afternoon for their homes in the jungle, near the patches of wild-rubber trees. It was an easy matter to call them back.

The Salcazar brothers who run the Arroyo Carmen rubber plantation have not been in business long, but they are doing well by themselves and their employees. The setting of the plantation is a pleasant one. Plenty of good fishing and swimming in the arroyo. The work-

ers' houses here are better constructed than those in most of the villages seen along the river. In addition, Arroyo Carmen would take a prize for cleanliness and order.

While supper was being prepared, Hermes, the oldest of the three owners, tied up at the dock. Everybody gathered around to hear from his lips the latest news of the outside world. His stop was only long enough to pass on the news. Then he was off again, heading for Maldonado, with a load of rubber that had to be there by the first of the month to meet a price deadline.

Next day was Palm Sunday. At the first Mass, Father Gibbons blessed and distributed the palms. A lot of people were on hand for the services that morning. After breakfast we started taking the data for the baptismal register; it kept us busy most of the morning. The afternoon was taken up with more paper work for the couples who wanted to get married.

While I was busy filling in the forms, Father Gibbons heard the confessions of the couples. He performed the marriage rites. Afterwards we presented each of the brides with a rosary.

The next day we were again on our way upstream. On the river that day we came upon some ducks. Roberto bagged three with his rifle. I was lucky enough to get one with my shotgun. I might have gotten another if it hadn't been for the humidity: when I went to reload, I discovered that the dampness had swollen the shells, and I could not reload the gun in time.

It was good to have some diver-

sion because we were now on the longest run of the whole trip. The fog lifted about midmorning and the weather turned clear and hot. Early that afternoon, Pablo turned our craft off into a side stream, thinking he was taking advantage of a short cut. This feeder stream, however, proved to be a dead end. It

became so shallow that we were forced to turn back.

That evening we stopped at Senor Ubano's house. The isolated group living there were happy to have evening devotions and Mass the next morning. I said the Mass. Father Gibbons waited until afternoon to say his for the people at Chive, our next port of call. We took on board a few people who wanted to get to Chive so they could make some purchases.

At Chive we were disappointed. The administrator told us that all his workers were in the jungle. They had made preparations for celebrating the big days of Holy Week in their homes in the jungle. It was plain to us that the administrator had not told the people about our coming, but there was no use arguing with the man.

We decided to leave Chive immediately. There were no more settlements to visit in that section. And if we headed for Maldonado, Peru, we could get there in time to take part in at least some of the Holy Week ceremonies.

Underway again, we ran into

**"Of all the works of the Church  
the greatest and holiest is that of the  
missions."**

— **Pius XI**

more ducks. We got all four of them. We continued on until dark and stopped at the first house we saw. There was a surprise waiting for us, for the house was part of a Guarayo Indian village. These primitive people speak a strange dialect so we had no idea of what their jabbering meant. Some of the Indians came

down to the riverbank and peered in awe and wonder at the *Stella Matutina*. Like children, they asked for everything that struck their fancy. We were fortunate enough to satisfy them with a few cigarettes. By sign language, we made a deal with one of the Indian women. If she cleaned two ducks for us, the other two were hers.

The next morning was Good Friday. We got an early start and arrived just before noon in Maldonado. The Spanish Dominican Fathers gave us a royal welcome, and we settled down as their guests. Our plans called for spending six days there, so we could take part in the Holy Saturday and Easter Sunday ceremonies, and make purchases necessary for our trip downstream.

When we again crossed over into Bolivia, the customs officers and the head of the Army garrison at the border gave us a fine welcome. We stayed overnight so we could say Mass for them. Luckily for us, the weather was damp and cool during our stay at the border station. The place is famous for its swarms of

*mariwis*, tiny insects whose bites are really annoying.

We gave an Army officer and his family a lift as far as Chive. The river was running swiftly and because we were traveling with the current we made good time. About halfway to Chive, I told the pilot to pull into shore so that we could visit a lonely house. The young man who lives there told me that he would be at Santa Rosa at a time that would coincide with our visit. His father and mother would be there, too, and would have their marriage blessed by the Padre. After a brief visit with him, we continued on down the river in the direction of Chive.

This village is located on a high bank; it has a fairly good setup as far as river settlements go. I was glad that our visit was during a wet spell; the place is notorious for its bugs during the hot, dry season. We had planned to stay in Chive for two full days because there are lots of families there who seldom get to see a priest.

We waited around all the first day. The second day went by, and we were still waiting for the people to come in from their homes in the jungle. By that time I was pretty sure that the administrator had not told them I was coming, but I waited another day to make sure. No one showed up. Next year, when I can again get to this section, I will send word to the people by a more reliable messenger.

On our way to Santa Rosa, the next stop, we saw a large group of people on the riverbank. They were going to the same place we were, so

we pulled into shore and offered them a lift. In a couple of minutes we had about twenty passengers aboard. Two of the younger ones got frightened as we pulled away from shore. They screamed and howled at a great rate. Fortunately, they did not keep that up too long.

Cesar Armuruz welcomed us to Santa Rosa. My face turned red when I delivered the coffee I had purchased for him when I was in Maldonado; he told me that it was sugar he wanted. This man's plantation is in an unusually isolated spot, and he was glad to have some company. We chatted about the news we had picked up in Maldonado, until about nine o'clock. The mosquitos sent us scurrying for the shelter of our screened deck house.

The man who had promised to meet us there was on hand and his parents had their marriage blessed. The people who work for Cesar were delighted to see us. Our visit meant a chance for them to receive the sacraments. I have pleasant memories of our hours with them because they were some of the friendliest people we met on the whole trip.

Another recollection of Santa Rosa is what we were served for lunch — roast monkey. There was nothing for us to do but eat it. Getting it down was not nearly as hard as we had imagined it would be. It was the first time I had ever knowingly tasted monkey, although I had probably eaten it without realizing the fact many times on my trips up and down the Madre de Dios River.

Early the next afternoon we came to Humaita. Because of the rains, none of the families had yet arrived

from the jungles. But the following morning, there was a good group on hand shortly after I rang the Mass bell.

We spent the rest of the day administering the sacraments. Getting the necessary data for the register is the hardest part. These people pass their lives miles from civilization and have little idea of time. They are not sure when their children were born or how old they are. It's like pulling teeth to get the necessary information.

One lad in Humaita was toying with the idea of having me bless his marriage. Our pilot heard about this and talked matters over with him, finally convincing the father that he should get his marriage fixed up. Nor was this the only time that Pablo served as unofficial catechist on this trip. He gave many couples convincing advice. He even succeeded in persuading himself to try it, for at the end of the trip he asked me to bless his marriage.

After leaving Humaita, we passed through some famous rapids. Because the river was high, we had no trouble. Fortunately, I have never had to negotiate those rapids in the dry season, for then they are dangerous and treacherous.

During a lull in the baptisms at Monte Verde, we got into a discussion with Senor Medina. We did our best to persuade him that he should have his common law union blessed. He told us that he was sure

that God would protect him until he could get to Our Lady's shrine at Copacabana and fulfill a promise he had made to get his wedding fixed up at the shrine.

Senor Medina, however, was an exception. One of the most encouraging features of our trip was the number of couples young and old who came to us at various points to have their unions blessed.

Carmen was our next stop. I can't forget the futility I felt when I saw so many children in one place who had no chance to go to school. Gathering rubber in the jungle scatters the families, and the children can't get into Carmen every day for school. I'll have to work on a plan whereby they can at least study enough doctrine to enable them to receive their First Communion.

While we were at San Miguel, our last stop, the launch arrived. The people in the river settlements depend on river launches for their groceries. The launch that had arrived was three months overdue; the poor people had long ago run out of staples. It was a good thing that we had done most of our work before the launch arrived because there was so much excitement afterwards that there was no use in our staying any longer.

It was after dark when the powerful light on our boat outlined the landing at Sena. A welcome sight, indeed. We had been traveling for six weeks.

"Great works of charity cannot be easily set aside. The helping hand is no luxury. We must extend it wherever suffering is to be found. Its extension overseas, I believe, will help to bring us peace, for charity is the price of peace."

—Archbishop Mitty, San Francisco

# Celestino the Considerate

BY GORDEN N. FRITZ, M.M.

**He can take it all with him.**

■ THE HOT sun was sinking in the west, here in Riberalta, Bolivia, as I was trying to solve a problem. I wanted to get all the men of the parish together, so that we could arrange to take care of some communal work. It is difficult to have men meet during the week because they go out into the jungle early each morning to work their rubber and Brazil-nut trees. They return to their homes long after dark.

As I was wrestling with the problem, a messenger came to tell me Celestino Monterro had just died. I was sure that patient and selfless man had gone to receive a richly deserved reward. I almost believe that his dying in the cool of late afternoon was an answer to a prayer that his passing would come at a time that was least inconvenient for his neighbors.

When news of his death reached the workers in the jungle, they came into town for the wake. I held the meeting outside the dead man's house, with one hundred per cent attendance. Had he been alive, the

turnout would have pleased Celestino. He would have attended himself, if he thought he could be of any help. But he had been almost as helpless alive as he was dead. For years his body was a mere skeleton in the late stages of tuberculosis.

We held the funeral the following afternoon. An impromptu band led the procession, as it wended its way to the cemetery on the far side of town. The players struck up a dirge. Its theme was in keeping with the tempo of these jungle people, whose health is poor, wages low, who have little of what it takes to make life a happy experience.

At the beginning, the procession consisted of about twenty mourners, but by the time we had reached the cemetery, it had swelled to 200.

For an ordinary man, that would have been an amazing number of sympathizers, but not for Celestino. When he was younger and stronger, he had traveled from place to place and made friends everywhere. The cortege was a tribute of admiration to Celestino the Considerate.





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The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York  
Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ toward the fifteen hundred dollars  
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*Street* \_\_\_\_\_

*City* \_\_\_\_\_ *Zone* \_\_\_\_\_ *State* \_\_\_\_\_

# The Slug Fest

**The mighty champ was no match for his angry grandmother.**

BY JOSEPH G. COSCROVE, M.M.

■ "WHAT IS different about the work on Formosa?"

That is a question often asked of us who did mission work on the Chinese mainland before being assigned to Formosa.

I saw one of the differences yesterday, out in the yard at my mission in Yuan Lin. My altar boys are angel-faced when they are helping the priest at the altar. But two of them were anything but angels out in the yard. They were slugging it out, toe to toe. They had seen how it's done at the boxing matches held the day before in the town's arena. Perhaps the slug fest was to decide which one would move the missal or carry the Thurifer.

This incident points up one difference between the Formosans and their counterparts on the mainland of China. In all my years in China, I never saw one Chinese so much as lift a finger against another.

Big differences that meet the eye are the modern conveniences on Formosa. The remote parts of China, where most of us worked before the Reds drove us out, had never been introduced to many modern inventions. But thanks to the Japanese, this lush, potato-shaped island has an efficient system of irrigation. The rice paddies are

green because they are watered from canals that drain mountain lakes. Steel bridges span rivers. The Japanese lighted factories and homes. They strung railroads and highways for hundreds of miles, often tunneling through mountains. They erected a great number of schools, set up public-health programs, improved livestock and modernized the sugar and fruit industries.

As time went on, movies, swimming pools, tennis courts and baseball diamonds came into the picture. Every neighborhood has an ice-cream parlor or two, plenty of public transportation and taxis. Besides, if a Formosan breaks a leg or wants his housemaid's knee looked after, he's not far from a handful of doctors and as many drugstores.

Paralleling Formosa's modern conveniences is the mechanical know-how of the people on this island. The quality of work they turn out is as good as the same type of work done in America.

Boxing enjoys a great deal of popularity in Yuan Lin. My altar boys go along with the crowd. They sat beside me at the boxing match where I had gone to see Ko Ying Chian perform. This young man, who is under instruction, was For-

mosa's bantam-weight champion last year.

In one match, my good friend, the son of Doctor Chan, carried off the featherweight honors with lots of slam bang punching. He told me later that he learned how to box by watching American movies.

Yuan Lin's boxing arena is an open air affair. The ring is set up beside a lily pond and shaded by a number of large trees. Scores of young fans were perched in the branches that overhang the ring.

At one point there was a lot of tittering from the audience. It was during an elimination match, when the man who was winning suddenly sprinted from the ring as though a bee had stung him. The hasty exit was caused by his grandmother, who entered the ring as a likely contender against the idea of her grandson becoming a boxer. She carried a big bamboo stick and her angered countenance betrayed the idea that she meant business.

How does mission work here compare with that on the mainland? One thing is sure, we are still working among our chosen people, the Chinese. Some Dutch, Japanese or Portuguese blood runs in their veins

but the Chinese characteristics have prevailed.

Here on Formosa, as on the mainland, the average missioner's most promising prospects are the farmers. Like people close to the earth in any land, the Formosan farmers are more conservative. They have more time to think, more time for conversation than do their city cousins.

From my observation, the Formosans have a high literacy rate. Every boy and girl, in the cities at least, desires higher education. The trouble is that there aren't nearly enough schools to meet the demand. Both the Government and private organizations are concentrating on solving this problem.

Here in Yuan Lin, my young parishioners have to stop their book learning after six years of grammar school. I wish they could have the opportunity of getting a little more education under Catholic auspices.

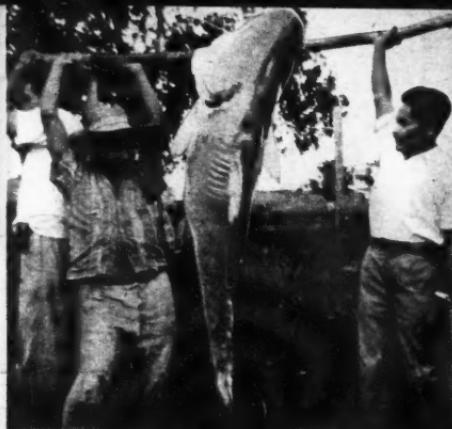
I'm planning a modest gymnasium for the boys in the parish. But for the present, a pair of boxing gloves is kept handy not far from the sacristy, so that the youngsters can indulge in their favorite sport. They're pretty good at the jab-and-duck methods.

#### AS YOU REQUESTED . . . . .

EVERY year in December our editors get a flood of mail requesting reproductions of our Madonna covers—original paintings by artist Joseph W. Little. Because of the way our covers are printed we haven't been able to fulfill these requests. But now as a contribution to the Marian Year, we have reproduced the four most popular of these on high quality paper, each 11 by 14 inches, each suitable for framing. The set may be purchased. See coupon on page 51.



# FISH STORY



■ HOW would you like to feel a big one like this take your bait?

"It's simple," says Father Joseph Flynn, who sent us these photos

from Bolivia. "Use a table scrap as bait and toss it into the Madre de Dios River. Before you know it you'll be struggling with a trophy."



# SONG Without Words

Doubts gnawed at his mind.  
What did Pine Grove mean?

BY EVERETT F. BRIGGS, M.M.

■ I WAS returning to my Japanese mission in Little Tokyo after visiting one of the largest tuberculosis sanatoriums in Los Angeles, when suddenly my heart grew light with song. I knew in a flash that I had done the proper thing in baptizing old Mr. Pine Grove, although I had acted almost against my better judgment.

On an earlier visit, an angel of the gentler sex had suggested that I speak to this forlorn old gentleman, the candle of whose life was burning low. He lay there on his hospital bed, eyes alight with some distant vision that may have been the fairy green isles of his native Japan.

I spoke to him in his own language. "Would you like to hear the tale of Tenshu, Lord of Heaven, whose Blessed Son redeemed the world?"

His thin lips parted in a smile.

The old scion of the samurai might never again have occasion to hear that tale. Certainly, it was too

MARYKNOLL

much to expect that he could attend an extended course of talks on Christian doctrine. So, on that visit, he had to hear the whole dramatic story of Jesus and His love for humankind.

My deliberate recital he heard in silence, smiling and nodding assent to my occasional questions as to whether he understood, and felt he could believe. But never a word he spoke in answer to my queries. At most, he uttered some unintelligible sounds, which I failed to recognize as Japanese.

Did this placid old man, wearing on his unfurrowed brow the serenity of ancestral hills, really understand what I was trying to tell him? Or was he just reacting politely, true to the canons of Oriental courtesy? During the past ten years, I seldom had the opportunity of speaking Japanese. Perhaps he understood my words as little as I comprehended his.

At the close of the instruction, I asked him if he wished to be baptized. He smiled and nodded but no words of assurance escaped the ivory barrier. Surely, I thought, the old gentleman had failed to understand my meaning.

I sought for one who could speak to him, but among all those pallid faces on rumpled pillows, there was none who understood his idiom. Nurses and doctors were of no assistance; they understood only the language of his evident symptoms — a tongue that all tired mortals speak when the language of their birth evades them. I told Mr. Pine Grove I would call again soon.

A few days later, I was at the bed-

side of old Mr. Pine Grove once more. There were words of welcome in his eyes, although his lips uttered no intelligible reply to my opening questions. Almost against my will, I baptized him, naming this elderly exile Paul Miki, after the Japanese martyr who, centuries ago on his bamboo cross, preached the love of God until his dying gasp.

When the sacred rite was over, old Paul drew from under his pillow a crumpled note, which he pressed into my hand. Data for the parish register, I thought, as I put the paper in my pocket. On the way home, still puzzled by my inability to understand the old man's few mumbled answers to my queries, I opened the folded page, half-hoping that this missive might throw some light on my problem. Smoothing the crumpled sheet, I read in the clear crisp ideographs traced by a brush in a disciplined hand:

Year of the Lion  
10th moon, 5th sun  
To the Spiritual Father:

Let this be a testimonial of my faith.

I devoutly believe in the one true God, the Lord of Heaven. I believe also in Jesus Christ, His only Son, who for our salvation graciously came down to earth, suffered and died upon the tree, three days later arising from the shadow of His tomb. Whatsoever Christ has taught, that do I believe, humbly requesting herewith the cleansing rite of His holy Church.

Thus my heart does speak.

Pine Grove

P. S. Deign to excuse this scribbled note. I have no tongue.

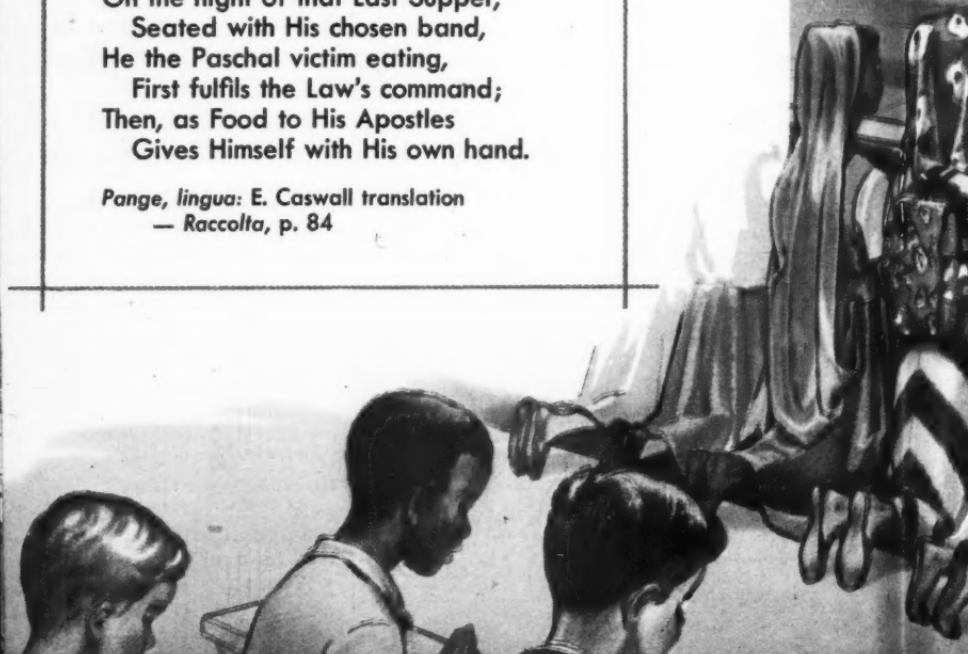
## SING, MY TONGUE

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,  
Of His Flesh the mystery sing;  
Of the Blood, all price exceeding,  
Shed by our immortal King,  
Destined, for the WORLD'S redemption,  
From a noble womb to spring.

Of a pure and spotless Virgin  
Born for us on earth below,  
He, as Man with man conversing,  
Stay'd, the seeds of truth to sow;  
Then He closed in solemn order  
Wondrously His life of woe.

On the night of that Last Supper,  
Seated with His chosen band,  
He the Paschal victim eating,  
First fulfils the Law's command;  
Then, as Food to His Apostles  
Gives Himself with His own hand.

*Pange, lingua:* E. Caswall translation  
— Raccolta, p. 84







# Lily Gets Her Way

**Mama's advice was recalled.**

**BY JAMES F. HYATT, M.M.**

■ ONE OF the most interesting people I've met since coming to Japan is a nineteen-year-old girl with a long Japanese name. Let's call her Lily.

I first met Lily when I was summoned from a welcoming party. We hold a party for each class of newly baptized here at St. Francis Church in Kyoto. These get-togethers help

new Catholics become acquainted with older ones. They aid newcomers to catch a sense of belonging to the Church. They also help to soften the pangs of separation brought about by conversion. Converts are often abandoned by life-long friends, who will have nothing to do with them once they have renounced the traditional beliefs.

I met Lily out in the yard. Her words were few but there was no doubt that she meant every one of them.

"Can I stay here?" she asked. "You just have to let me stay here at the church."

She was in such an emotional state that no amount of questioning on my part was getting me any closer to finding out the reason for her request.

To avoid embarrassing her — a crowd was gathering — I showed her into one of the classrooms and sent out an SOS for Miss Tsujii, one of our catechists. Perhaps she could get more information out of Lily than I could.

After half an hour of digging, Miss Tsujii came up with facts: Lily came from Maizuru, about fifty miles from here. She has no family. She had been working in a dance hall to make a living. But she had quit her job because she hated it. She had come to the church because she wanted to "belong to God."

A bit more probing by Miss Tsujii and Lily admitted that she had a place to live and a few belongings in Maizuru.

That piece of information led me to suggest that she return to Maizuru and call on the priest there.

He could satisfy her desire to know more about God. I assured Lily that he would be only too willing to help her secure more fitting employment. I took out a piece of paper and began writing a letter of introduction.

However, when Lily saw me writing, she snatched up her bag and began to cry. In between sobs, she muttered: "Excuse me for taking up your time. I'm through living in this world." With that she flounced around and started for the door.

Of course, we called her back. After Miss Tsujii got Lily calmed, I told her she could stay at the Catholic Center for two or three days. We turned her over to Mrs. Higuchi, our capable housekeeper. Our hope was that under the kindly care of Mrs. Higuchi, Lily would be able to make some down-to-earth

plans for the future that lay ahead.

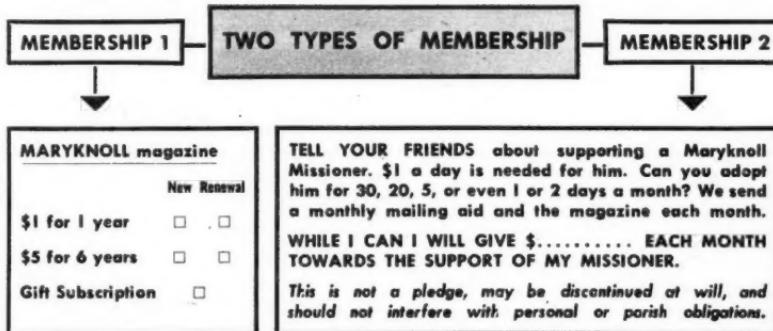
On Monday evening, after catechism class, I noticed a welcome change. While we were chatting, Lily smiled for the first time since we met. From then on, she began gradually to lose the scared-rabbit expression she had when she came.

Her confidence was blossoming under the motherly care of our housekeeper. Bit by bit, she told Mrs. Higuchi the story of her life.

Lily was born in the Hawaiian Islands. Her father was a Japanese; her mother, an American Indian. Her father died when she was still a baby. The mother took a job with the Red Cross. Later, the mother's work took her and Lily to Manchuria. There Lily liked to go with her mother to the Red Cross hospital. She enjoyed helping by doing

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odd chores for her beloved mother.

Lily was eleven when her mother passed away. The girl was sent to Nagasaki and committed to an orphanage there. Later she was transferred to a state orphanage near Kyoto.

Rules and regulations being what they are, Lily was obliged to leave at the age of eighteen, to shift for herself. She had not been trained for any particular type of work. She had no friends to turn to. So she ended up, as do many orphans, by answering a "Girl Wanted" ad inserted in the local newspaper by a dance hall. Her first job took her to Tokyo. Later, her boss transferred her to Maizuru.

Lily poured out her soul to Mrs. Higuchi, telling how much she despised the dance-hall surroundings. She had finally made up her mind to make a clean break with the past.

Why she came to the church with her troubles was due to her mother's influence. Lily's mother was not a Catholic but she had great respect for the Church. She had given Lily a large Miraculous Medal. She had worn that keepsake from her mother around her neck ever since. One of her greatest delights is to show her precious medal to her friends. She considers it to be one of her most prized possessions.

One day, when Lily was a little girl, her mother had said: "Lily, if ever you have worries that are too

big for you, or run into problems you can't solve, I want you to go to the nearest Catholic church and talk over your troubles with the priest. He will help you."

Lily told Mrs. Higuchi that while she was at the orphanage in Nagasaki, she had often gone to Mass. And when her work took her to some strange

place, she sought out a Catholic church in the neighborhood, sure that she would find a place where she could pray, attend Mass and listen to a sermon.

"I like the atmosphere in church," said Lily. "I like Sisters and I like priests."

Repeatedly she spoke of her longing to work in a leper colony. But she would be satisfied to work in any institution run by Sisters.

At my suggestion, Sister Sabina had a talk with Lily. I rely on Sister's experienced judgment. She assured me that Lily is sincere. I contacted several institutions and finally received a favorable reply from a girls' school in Tokyo. The Mother Superior promised to take Lily in and help her.

Lily's emotional state changed considerably during the two weeks she spent at the Catholic Center. But her determination to have a "pure heart," to "belong to God," to "stay at the church," did not. She boarded the train for Tokyo, in a spirit of joy and hope.

**MAKE A PRIEST**  
**"We shall always discover ourselves  
unable to contribute to anything greater than the making of good priests."**

—St. Vincent de Paul

**Cost: \$500 a year**

# What ONE Priest Can Do!



Father John Sullivan, of Scranton, Pa., forced by Communists from the China mainland, was one of the first Maryknollers to work in Formosa.



He led over 500 to become Catholics in less than two years. Discussions with intellectuals, sermons for non-Catholics, movies, film strips, sound recordings, interviews, keep energetic Father Sullivan busy.



Father Sullivan gives a weekly radio talk in Taitung to 1,500,000 Chinese among whom Maryknoll Missioners are laboring.

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I understand that this does not bind me in any way.

Name.....

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State..... Age..... School..... Grade.....



The parking lot. People of this jungle river parish come to Mass by canoe.

## A VISIT TO SWEET WATER

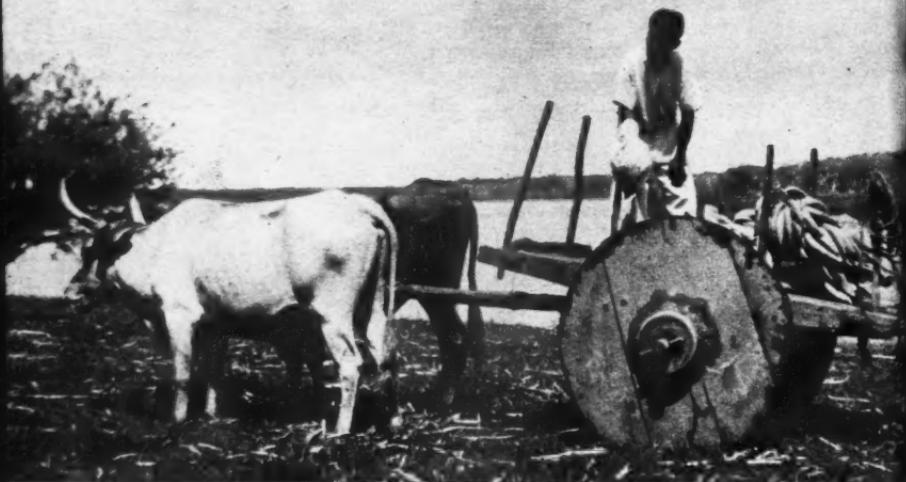
■ SATURDAY, to Wisconsin's Father Hilary Jakowski (right) means making a seven-hour trip up the Madre de Dios River to the village of Agua Dulce (Sweet Water). He sleeps overnight on the deck of his boat. At his Mass next morning, will be the sixty people who call Sweet Water home. He'll say a second and third Mass at two other riverside villages before getting back to his base at Riberalta late Sunday afternoon. Maryknoll Sisters often go along: Sister Vivian, M.D., treats the eleven lepers in Sweet Water; the other Sisters teach catechism.

A BOLIVIAN PHOTO STORY BY SISTER MARIA DEL REY

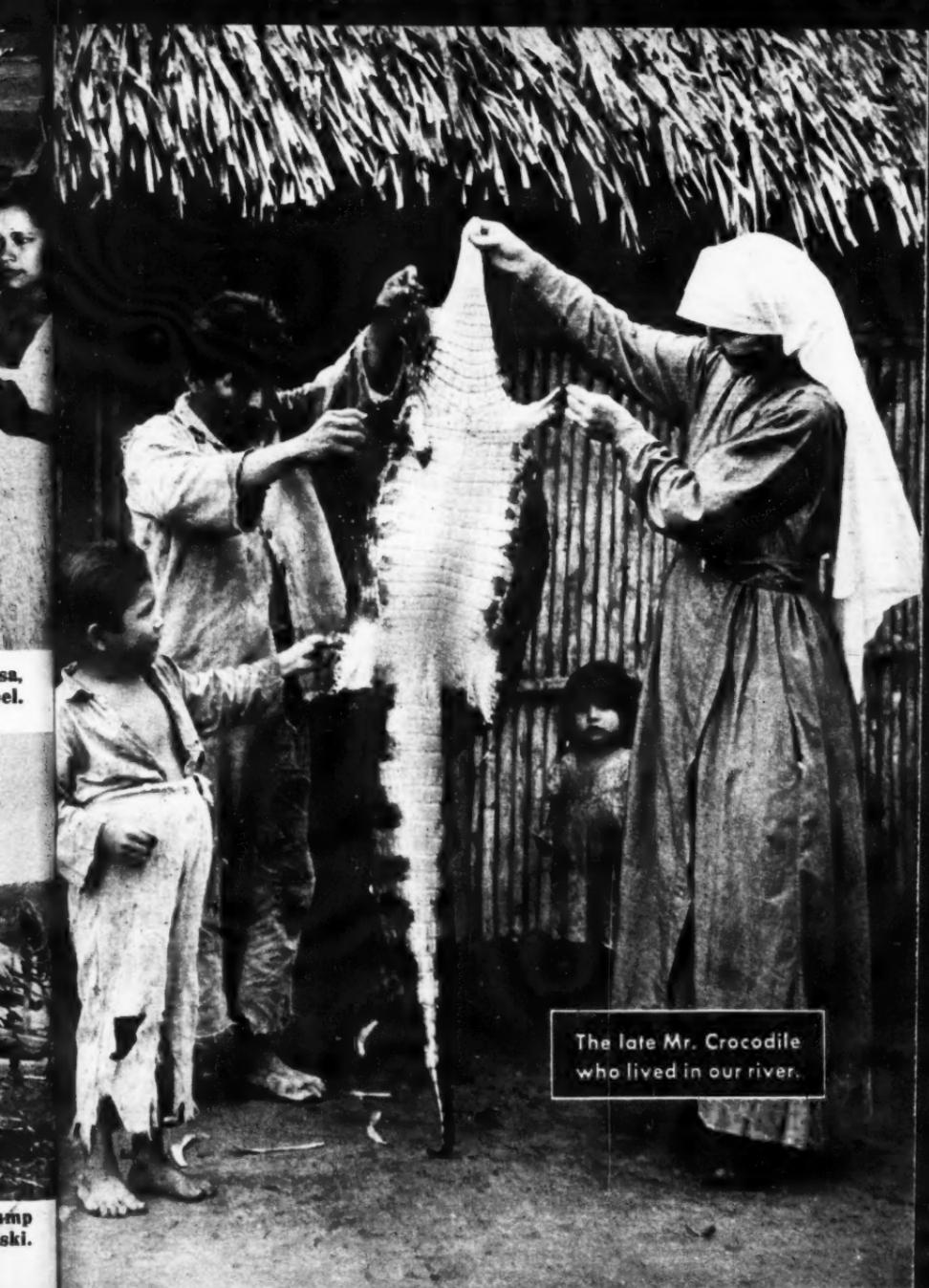




Sister Louis Marie, of Berkeley, California, and Sister Genevieve Tresa, of Philadelphia, lead prayers at Mass in Sweet Water's simple chapel.



This man jounces to Mass on solid mahogany wheels that relay every bump of a rough jungle trail. The bananas are a present for Father Jakowski.



The late Mr. Crocodile  
who lived in our river.

EDITORIAL:

# The Taming of the Tongue

BY BISHOP JAMES E. WALSH, M.M.

■ ASSORTED hurdles, headaches, pests, gadflies, hairshirts and vexations are proper to the mission profession. But there is perhaps nothing so endlessly baffling, so downright purgatorial, as the problem of human speech.

The language situation, as the missioner usually encounters it, is anything but simple. The missioner is seldom or never a man of one language. He starts out with a smattering of three or four languages — including an imperfect knowledge of his own — before he is a missioner at all. Then he learns another basic language or two when he goes to the mission field. As the various languages and dialects begin to swirl around him in real earnest, he tries, often as not, to pick up three or four more.

That's a rather unwieldy program for a man busy climbing mountains. So after a while he ends up knowing a little of this and a modicum of that, and not really

knowing any language as it should be known. Meanwhile the languages are all distractingly different, except when they are confusingly similar. The complexities of each one seem all but infinite. The extraordinary sounds, especially the complicated gurgles and gargles met with, are sure to strain the larynx and the patience of anybody not to the manner born. Yet those very same sounds, to the knowing ear, fall into graceful patterns of apt expression and musical cadence. They coalesce into euphonious and moving speech. Naturally, they remain mere noise to the unknowing. And they represent a lifetime botheration to the half-knowing like the slow, plodding missioner.

THERE ARE a few honorable exceptions to this hard dispensation. There is the very occasional, unusually gifted European, who grew up within half a day's train ride of half a dozen languages. To such,

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## This Month's Cover

The click of Father Karlovecius' camera disturbed the kitten but not the Japanese girl on our cover this month. She's intently curious about her new pet. The clean perfume of the kitten tickles her sense of smell. She strokes the fur, luxuriating in its softness. And her ears catch a delightful wonder: a little motor purrs in the creature on her lap!

the mastery of a few new languages is possible with little effort. Then there is the average, everyday, run-of-the-mill Oriental, to whom the same performance is in the nature of child's play.

But these are little comfort to the average missioner. His case is far different. The man who was born under the Stars and Stripes qualifies as the world's worst linguist. He has our full sympathy — even a little of our sneaking admiration — as a sort of linguistic ugly duckling who may yet turn into a swan. But there's no use in flattering a good man; the plain truth is better for him. He is in for a long, severe apprenticeship in learning the language he needs to be a good missioner. And there is no telling just what may become of his efforts in this direction, either, beyond gray hairs for himself.

TONGUE-twisting, ear-splitting, hair-tearing endurance accompanies learning a language. This is just as useful to the missioner as the gift of tongues. Patience is as necessary to this much-tried man as is eloquence. It may be that there are other things in the missioner's repertory that are quite as important as words. The missioner is sometimes inclined to hope that this may really be the case — especially when he pauses now and again to reflect ruefully on his creeping progress as a linguist.

There surely isn't any progress in sight, he invariably tells himself, in answer to his own pained inquiries. There is a good deal of spluttering

# Maryknoll

## The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL  
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

and muttering. There is floundering around in various dialects. There is mystification of all within earshot. There is a lot of sound and fury, signifying something, but what? Not progress, certainly. That old will-o'-the-wisp is just as far away as ever.

The gift of tongues would solve his difficulties. But it would not school him in patience and perseverance, charm and personality, and a host of other virtues, to say nothing of a repression of all murderous instincts. All of them are by-products of a missioner's lifelong struggle with the language of his adopted people.



## Hello to the Crown Prince

■ AT A BANQUET held in his honor, Crown Prince Akihito (left) told how touching he found the friendliness of the welcome accorded him in Los Angeles by people of all walks of life. Above: Father Briggs and some pupils from the Maryknoll school who helped make the Crown Prince's visit a festive occasion.

PHOTOS BY TOMEÓ HANAMI



## CHAPEL NEEDS IN MISSION LANDS

In mission lands, the condition of the Church is much like the situation of the Holy Family in Bethlehem. A place must be found for the Eucharistic Jesus, and everything must be supplied: *everything* — from the land and foundation to the roof, from the front door to the tabernacle.

**For Mass:** the missionaries require vestments, crucifixes, missals and stands, altar cloths, cards and linens, hosts, wine, candles, cruets, Communion plate and many other items.

**For Benediction:** they need vestments, monstrance, candles, thurible, incense and organ — and more.

**For Other Devotions:** they should have statues, Stations of the Cross, processional cross, holy-water dispenser, Communion rail, hymnals, catafalque — and much more.

**For Maintenance:** buildings require repairs, heat in some places, mosquito nets in others, paint, flooring, roofing — and very much more.

It might please you to have a share in providing a decent place for your Eucharistic Lord. You may do so by sending a donation of any size to the Maryknoll Mission Chapel Fund. It will be used where it is most needed at the moment.

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS • Maryknoll P.O., New York**



A slow light comes to Indian faces as the Padre rounds the bend in the road.

# Back-Country People

■ THE poor health and wretched standard of living of the 32,000 Indians in the Soloma parish cry out for a helping hand. A team of four Maryknoll Missioners are helping these farmers and sheep herders attack their problems. The long arm of God's grace is reaching these people who had been years without priests. The parish dispensary treats 5,000 each year.

The Padres have introduced a new wheat seed and new fertilizers. A rug industry helps sheep herders get ahead. Weekly movies aid in breaking the drab monotony of Indian life.





Father Daniel McLeod prepares to extract an Indian's tooth. Father was studying to be a doctor when he heard about Maryknoll.



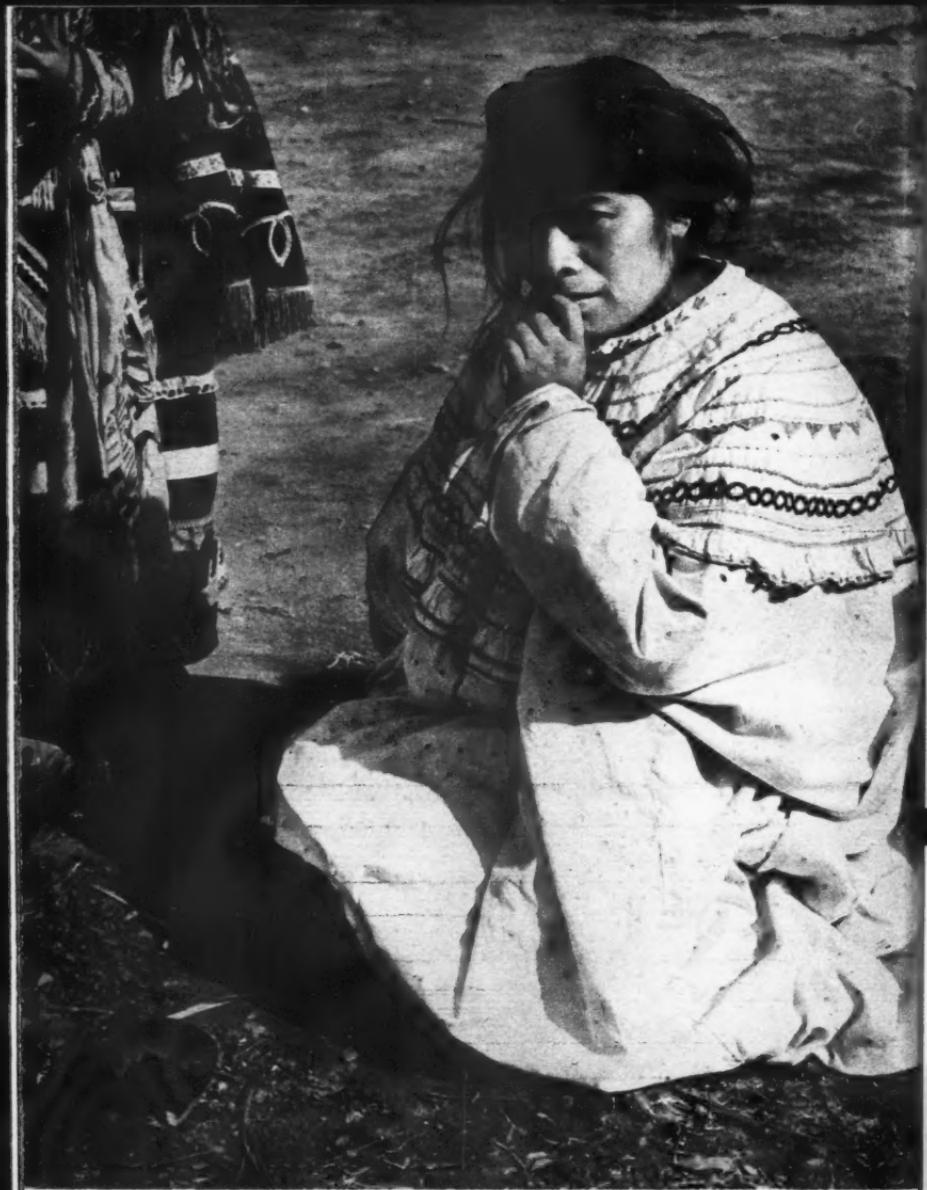
■ WAS IT God's sense of humor that prompted Him to make smiles so easy to read, while He confused men's languages at the Tower of Babel? A baby knows instinctively what the smile on its mother's face means. Smiles speak a language understood everywhere. The smiles of the back-country people on these pages speak to the missioner. His answering smile tells more forcefully than any words his loving concern for the needs of the people among whom he works.

MARYKNOLL

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An Indian woman burns incense before a pile of stones. She symbolizes all mixed-up Guatemalans who must be trained in Christ.

THE END.

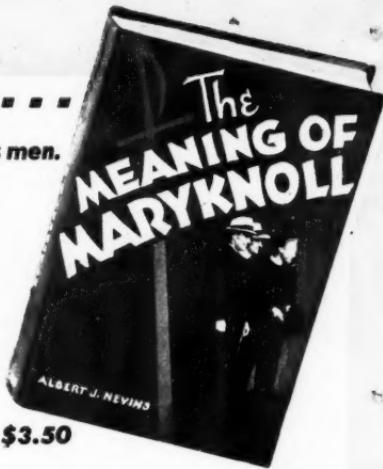
# Just off the press . . .

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see page 28

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Please send free catalog.



"Buenos dias, Señor!" says Sister George Francis as she greets one of her well-groomed patients here in the backwoods of Nicaragua.

# MARIA NEXT TIME

BY SISTER PAULINE MARIE

■ "THERE are 25 houses on the main street," she said. "And we have only 24 families listed."

Sister Rose Anna and I thought we had visited every house in Macantaca, a trading center in Nicaragua. We looked again. Sure enough — there was a door that did not seem to be a door. A spare nervous woman answered our knock. She looked at us and the women with us.

"What is your name, please?" we asked, explaining our errand.

The woman turned and walked back into the room. "Do you live here, Maria?" Sister called to her.

I drew a breath and explained: "Father is coming tomorrow. Many will go to confession and Communion. How about you, Maria?"

"No," she said dully. "My sins are so great that the priest's ear cannot contain them."

Her next-door neighbor spoke up. "Maria always says she will go next time."

We were desperate. Only prayer could help this soul. We resolved to spend every minute of the afternoon praying for Maria as we worked.

"Why not come to the convent, Maria?" I suggested as we left. "You can wait until everybody else has gone. I will help you."

Maria did not seem too happy

with this proposal. But at nightfall, there was a knock at the door. In the dark came an unmistakable voice: "It's Maria."

We went across the street to the house that was serving as a chapel while Father was in town. Maria began to get cold feet. I suggested we say the rosary. She was getting a headache. I gave her some wonderful headache pills. The kerosene lamp glinted in her eyes; she was afraid it would ruin her sight, and she had to sew to live. She felt faint. I suggested a walk; I fanned her with a holy card. That last man in line was in the box! Now Maria really became scared.

"It is impossible to go to confession. I'm having an attack of rheumatism. It's so bad I cannot kneel."

"Father won't mind if you sit down," I said. I guess Father did not know what to think when I marched into his improvised confessional and put a bench at his feet.

"She has rheumatism and cannot kneel," was all I said.

Maria was very happy afterwards. The next morning she went to Communion, leaning on my arm. "Thanks to you I made it at last," she said. "For ever so long it's been a case of next time."

The happiness on her face was a joy to see.



## The HAND that is TRAINED

The hands of doctors and nurses, the hands of social workers, the hands of teachers, are all outstretched to help and heal, to point to the truth.

*They must be trained for their work in the kingdom of God.*

**YOUR help towards their training earns for you a rich reward.  
It is a solid spiritual investment.**

---

**MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.**

Let me help you train Sisters for your world-wide work for Christ. I enclose

\$.....

Name.....

Address..... City..... Zone..... State.....

**As long as I can, I will send \$..... a month to help support a  
Maryknoll Sister-in-training. I understand that I may stop this at any time.**

# Everybody, But Everybody Knows Eustachy



BY WILLIAM J. MURPHY, M.M.

**He kisses babies, cooks good waffles, wins popularity contests.**

■ MY FIRST safari with Eustachy was an eye opener. I was amazed at how many friends the man has. Everybody, from the old lady who hobbles along with a cane, to the child carried on his mother's back, smiled when they saw Eustachy.

"*Bakwaya, Eustachy!*" ("Good day, Eustachy!") called everyone who met him.

I learned later that children are taught to pronounce his name as soon as they have learned their parents' names. Children grow up hero-worshipping Eustachy. He has an eager following of youngsters that would put the Pied Piper in the shade by comparison.

Eustachy needs no introduction to anyone in the Tanganyika Territory of Africa, any more than Ted Williams needs an introduction to baseball fans in Boston. Eustachy is a name that is on the lips of small children. Elders of the tribe pronounce his name with awe.

Eustachy has two claims to fame: one is his prowess as a hunter and

the other is his outstanding culinary ability. He has been leading safaris for big-game hunters for the last thirty years. He is one of the few natives who can obtain a permit to carry a gun and to hunt.

Famous big-game hunters know his reputation and vie for his services on their safaris. And his recognition as a marksman and hunter is only surpassed by his renown as a cook. Important chiefs book Eustachy months ahead of time, to be sure that he will be available to prepare banquets for special occasions.

Every priest who has done mission work in this territory for the last thirty years has had good reason to know Eustachy. The White Fathers who worked in Nyegina before we came counted on Eustachy to act as their guide when they went on mission trips. His fame as hunter and cook grew to fantastic proportions but he was always at the beck and call of the Padris. He became famous among them as a man of two words: "Yes, Padri!" — said whenever he

was asked to help in their work.

Happily, Eustachy is equally obliging to Maryknollers. He lives next door to the mission but ordinarily we give him two months' notice when we plan on his help for a mission trip into the bush. We give him notice, so that he can save time out for us in his well-booked sched-

ule of big-game safaris. In emergencies, Eustachy is ready to turn down handsome fees from famous people, to give the Padri a helping hand.

Once I got a hurry call from a distant station and asked Eustachy if he could go with me. Eustachy answered with the two words he seems to know best, "Yes, Father!" He added by way of explanation, "The work of the priest, and what he does for God, come first."

When he is resting between safaris, Eustachy is always the first to volunteer if something has to be done. He is Johnny on the spot for the Padris. We consider him almost one of the family.

A trip to visit distant Christians is an unforgettable experience if Eustachy is along. I know I won't go hungry because Eustachy prepares plenty of edibles. He makes sure the Padri is well fed so he can do his work well. While he's at it, Eustachy cooks enough for himself and for some of his friends. When word gets around that Eustachy is in the village, a crowd is sure to gather around his kitchen. One of his favorite recipes is waffles.

**"Your charity can be employed in no better cause . . . than to propagate the Kingdom of Christ and bring salvation to those outside the fold."**

—Pope Pius XII

And do the Africans love waffles!

Among Eustachy's talents is a remarkable amount of know-how in the church-service department. He sets out the vestments and keeps the altar linens changed. He makes sure the congregation stands and kneels at the proper times.

The other morning Eustachy was serving Mass. While he was pouring the water over my fingers at the *Lavabo*, the choir faltered. Without interrupting his duties as an altar boy, he started singing in that strong voice of his. It gave the choir enough confidence to go on.

One of the biggest assets our mission work has is the esteem that the natives have for Eustachy. He and his wife, Josephina, are fine Christians. And his example of devoted service to his Faith makes a great impression on his fellow Africans.

Another of Eustachy's talents came in handy not long ago when my alarm clock was out of order. The night before I asked Eustachy to wake me up at 5:30.

Next morning I heard a knock on the door. A voice outside called, "*Benedicamus Domino!*" ("Let's bless the Lord!")

For a minute I thought I was dreaming. Who would be greeting me like that?

Then I heard it again and knew the greeter was Eustachy. I grinned as I looked at my watch. He tells time by the sun and the stars. He had called me at 5:25.

# LAGUNA IS OUR HOME



Time out down on the farm for this group of rice harvesters. They live in Father Morrissey's mission in the Philippines. Life for them is a drab struggle against unemployment; they plant and harvest only one rice crop a year. Maryknollers wish that all the neighborhood were as peaceful as this scene. But the Huks prevent many of Laguna's people from living on and working their homesteads in the hills that rise behind Laguna.





TOUCHES OF the macabre are the masked penitents who mercilessly beat themselves with chains until their backs are red with blood.



AS COMFORTABLE as an easy chair is the let's-do-it-tomorrow spirit of those who have found a bit of shade on a scorching summer day.

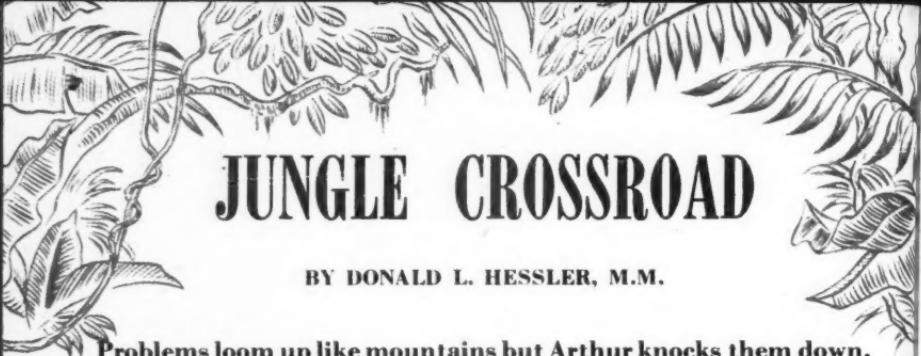


CHICAGO'S Father Geselbracht doesn't neglect the faithful few while seeking to win over the many who seem wholly indifferent to grace.

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WE SEE POETRY in the graceful poise of a young winnower but she thinks principally of the perspiration that keeps rolling into her eyes.



# JUNGLE CROSSROAD

BY DONALD L. HESSLER, M.M.

**Problems loom up like mountains but Arthur knocks them down.**

■ MONTHS AGO some one-day-old chicks were passengers on an air-freight plane that took them from Louisiana to an airfield not far from Bacalar. Their final destination was a new farm, near the Bacalar mission in Middle America.

Baby chicks are now popping out of the three dozen eggs captured from the hens that flew in from Louisiana. As the sun goes down, the mother hens gather their chicks under their wings. In a somewhat similar manner, Arthur takes to his heart the needs of the people of this area.

Arthur Vigil, of Pecos, New Mexico, came to Bacalar from St. Michael's College in Santa Fe. He made a complete tour of the entire mission and got a good over-all idea of the region and the people.

The difficulty, Arthur saw, was the poor health of the people of Bacalar. He observed much and asked a lot of questions. He is the type of person who can study a problem from all angles. And to his way of thinking, a problem has to have a solution.

Arthur talked with farmers and found that the only crops they grew were corn and beans. When he

suggested that they plant some vegetables, they did not warm to the idea. To their way of thinking farming is only a fill-in occupation. They spend most of the year harvesting chicle and working in the mahogany forests. The more Arthur talked, the more he realized that oral persuasion was not enough.

Arthur set out to prove that he knew what he was talking about. He started a pilot farm consisting of some forty acres.

I blessed the farm one Sunday afternoon. What Arthur and his helpers are putting up with dumbfounded me. I felt abashed when I saw how much penance they are doing. Theirs is a life of stark poverty in everything except what concerns their soil and their souls. They lavish the best on the soil. They are demanding, too, in spiritual things. All are of one mind on the absolute need of partaking daily of the Bread of Life as the basis for their work.

One of Arthur's helpers is John Harri, a man I first met in Detroit. He came to continue a discussion we had four years ago about social problems. John arrived at a time when Arthur was up to his neck in problems. The visitor decided to

stay on and help make a go of the experimental farm. John is not a Catholic yet.

The rest of the farm personnel consists of Jose and Enrique, two local men. They are so convinced that Arthur has the right idea that they have joined the project in the capacity of apprentices.

When Father Edward Koechel visited Bacalar not long ago, he had the pleasure of witnessing another of Arthur's achievements. Father Koechel sang a Mass while he was here. His comment on the congregational singing was: "During my eight years in this section I've never heard the chant rendered so beautifully and simply."

The training of the whole congregation as a choir, is largely thanks to the expert work of Arthur. Before coming to Mexico he was head of Cristo Rey choir in Santa Fe, New Mexico. He is a great help to me in getting all the people interested in taking an active part in offering the Holy Sacrifice.

Another of Arthur's achievements is Bacalar's new water supply. The water supply of this jungle town had long been inadequate, and doctors who visited here blamed many of the people's ailments on the impurity of the drinking water. I drew up the plans for a cistern, to catch rain water from the roof of the church during the wet season and store it for the long dry spell. Arthur directed the construction.

The hole dug for the cistern was large enough to hold a good-sized American office building. In this land of primitive tools, construction of a gigantic cistern was an engi-

neering feat. Once they got below the three feet of top soil, they ran into solid rock. Every inch down involved lots of hard work with picks, aided by dynamite. The result of Arthur's work is that Bacalar no longer has to depend on polluted water during the six dry months of the year.

A by-product of the cistern project was Arthur's ability to gain the confidence of a fair number of Bacalar's men folks. They joined him and acquired a lot of confidence in his advice. Arthur is now helping them start a credit union. These people live a hand-to-mouth existence. They are much like poor people the world over, who are at the mercy of moneylenders. Arthur hopes to rescue them from the treadmill of high interest rates and constant indebtedness.

Arthur, John, Jose and Enrique are achieving wonders as lay apostles. But there is a drawback. No permanent improvement can be built solidly if it is based only on single men. It is absolutely necessary to get family men interested in the project.

We have no immediate hope of solving this problem, but the need is becoming increasingly apparent. The influence and the penetration of unmarried lay apostles cannot do the whole job. That is clear to all concerned with spiritual progress in Bacalar.

But I close on a hopeful note. This need, like the many others of the near past, will be taken care of at just the proper moment, in the Holy Spirit's own inimitably fascinating way.

# Maryknoll Want Ads

**SECURITY** for the Blessed Sacrament in Japan. A bronze tabernacle will memorialize your beloved. Cost, \$250.

A CATECHIST teaches religion full time. We employ hundreds. Can you pay this month's salary of one — \$20?

A BUSH SCHOOL in Africa can be built for only \$200. You never heard of a less-expensive school.

1,000 INDIAN babies are baptized each year in Azangaro, Peru. But there's no baptistry. One complete with font costs \$110.

**SUMMER BARGAINS** in Central America. Five chapels each need: altar, \$100; tower bell, \$80; statue, \$75. Which appeals to you?

**INFORMATION CENTERS** of religious knowledge can be provided in Formosa for \$100. A spiritual work of mercy!

**WIDOWS AND OLD FOLKS** in Africa are hungry. Rains failed; gardens grew no vegetables. \$5 feeds an oldster for a month.

**A SUIT OF CLOTHES** for \$20 is a bargain. In Japan a Maryknoller with \$20 can supply a student uniform that will last for years.

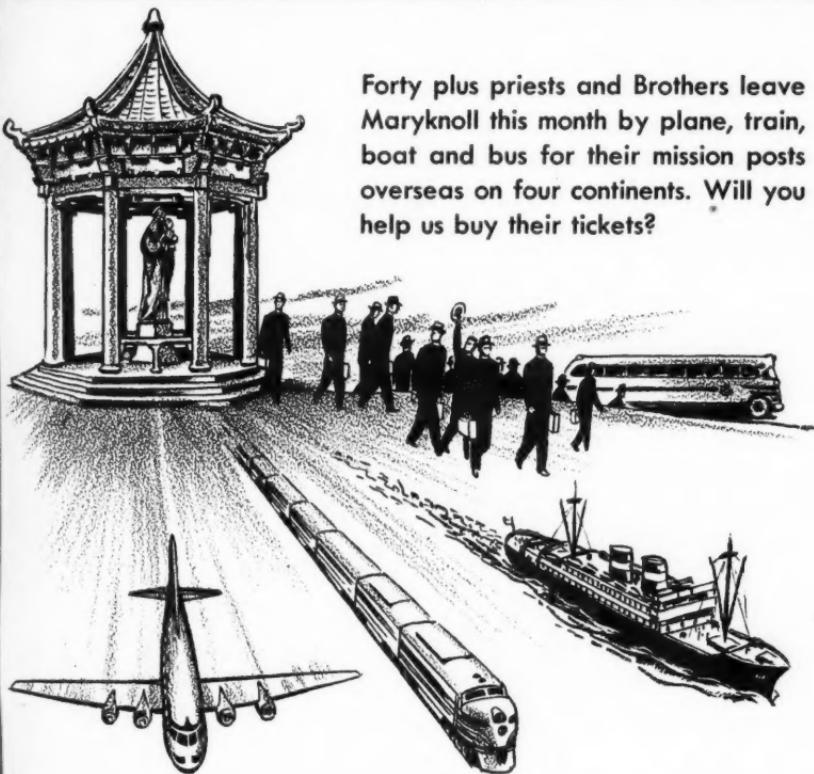
**MASS VESTMENTS** for St. Rose of Lima Church, Peru, cost \$50 a set. Six are required.

**ALTAR CLOTHS**, \$30 a set, are needed in Chile, Korea and Japan. Dress an altar?





# Departure Day From Maryknoll



Forty plus priests and Brothers leave Maryknoll this month by plane, train, boat and bus for their mission posts overseas on four continents. Will you help us buy their tickets?

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., New York**

I enclose \$..... to help pay the passage of one Maryknoll missioner to his field of work. I wish him success!

My Name.....

Street.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

# People are Interesting!

The Bus Drivers  
and their Shrines



1. Every bus driver in a certain Mexican city had a shrine in his bus to the Virgin of Guadalupe.



2. The atheistic governor of the province became incensed at this devotion, ordered the shrines out.



3. The bus drivers voted an immediate strike. "No shrines to the Virgin, no drivers for the busses."



4. For days, not a bus moved in the city. More strikes developed out of sympathy for the drivers.



5. The people became very angry, and the governor, fearing trouble, was forced to withdraw his order.



6. Now the drivers are back at work, and all but the governor rejoice that the Virgin won the day.

**Christ belongs to ALL the human race.**

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